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# THE CHARACTER

## OF A Church-PAPIST.

**A** Church-Papist divides his Religion between his Conscience and his Pocket, he approacheth not to the Church that he may serve God, but obey the Law, and it is only the frightful Face of the Law makes him put on the defensive Masque of the Gospel, which he makes not use of as a means for the Salvation of his Soul, but for the preservation of his Purse. To Popery he doth indeed stand well affected, yet too narrow a Soul to be willing to lose by it: and though the roaring Bulls, Excommunications, &c. of the Pope of Rome may somewhat affrighten him; yet their remoteness lessens their formidableness, insomuch that the Apparitour seems more amazing: To keep him off, he presents his Carcase at Church as seldom as possible, and when he doth, it is only his Body, to save his Bayl: When he is there, though he joyns with the Congregation in their most solemn Services, (yet with no more than his Body,) in the mean while, by himself, he mumbles over some *Pater-Noster*, *Ave-Marias*, blessing himself from ever coming among them with a good will, rather begging of God to forgive him that he e're should come there. If for shames sake he cannot go out of Church before the Sermon is ended, it is a Yoke too weighty for his Popish gall'd Shoulder and Back; he spends the tedious time in cursing the Preacher for giving him so much; but when he is delivered out of his Prison, he soon gets into his Element: having arrived home, he will be sure to abuse the Preacher and his Doctrine, the Preacher for holding him so long in Goal, and the Doctrine because it too much nettled him; it may be it was too Puritanical, forsooth, for so Vile, and Licentious a Hypocritick Monster as he is: But when *Easter* comes, then must his wits to work, in plotting of some shift or other to omit the Communion; here lies the greatest Block in his way, and therefore for certain will not be unfurnished with excuses;

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it's likely he is not in Charity, very true! neither can he for his Heart be with the Sacrament, for a Martyr there is not a worser man in the World, for the main stress of his Religion hangs on interest; as to Religion, were occasion offered, he would move as fast from one to the other as a Wind-Mill; in a Word, he has none, but to save Charges. But for a Traveller, there cannot be found a better in the whole World, for his Conscience is so wide, as that neither it's Longitude or Latitude could hitherto be found out, so that he may wander in it as far as he pleases, and nevertheless not reach it's Confines.

He is one that spoils an House; his Wife is a zealous Dame in Pride, Costliness and Scorn, good for nothing but a show in a Fair, a meer painted Sepulcher, the very mirrour of Impudence and Arrogancy; his Children are a spawn of the *Romish* Brood, nurtured by him, that they may be useful Tools in the Service of the Antichristian Beast, but withal to exercise Popish Roguery with Protestant Masques.

He is a man professing much Loyalty to the King, but a more Treacherous one there cannot be; he will prate stiffly for Prerogative, but he means the Popes Supremacy; he will if forced speak a gentle word against his dear Friends the Papists, but rather chuses to speak a thousand against Protestants, especially if finding any plausible nick name wherewith to asperse them.

And thus let us leave him a dissembling Hypocrite, as (if he remains impenitent) in due time his own Master will find him,

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FINIS.

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